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CONTRASTS.

The giant lamps flare in the windy street— Flare on his shivering, shrinking form;

To build a fire would be a work of time and of hard labor. To keep one up long enough to do any good would take hours of watchfulness.

you! I do not want to tell you what I think of you." Then she stopped short. Something in Owen's face filled her with confusion.

WITH A FLAVOR OF HUMOR.

SOME SKETCHES OF A COMICAL CHARACTER.

Why He Didn't Fall—He Only Wanted to See—Eat With Their Hands—An Iowa Invention.

at Smith, when this fact was discovered, and they both looked at the bookkeeper. For over a month they have been trying to find out where that flour went.

HAVE FAITH IN TIME.

There's a quaint and curious proverb, but Niagara cannot be equaled for fall style.—Texas Siftings.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Paris generally leads in the fashions, but Niagara cannot be equaled for fall style.—Texas Siftings.

THE BEACON FIRE.

It was a wild and rocky coast, along which ran the path that led to the home of old Martin Frere.

Annis was a tall, slight girl, as straight as a pine tree, and as graceful as a fawn.

Peace succeeded to the wild storm of agitation which had momentarily threatened to engulf him.

With the morning came a great calm. One would not have thought that the sun-flecked waves which came leaping in, white-crested and tumultuous.

Later in the day he started out for a walk. He was in that miserable state of mind which oftentimes follows some great exaltation of spirits.

"Glenn," he began, "I wish you and I could change places about last night's work."

"Why, if you believe it, I might just as well have left my visit unpaid last night; indeed, had far better have done so."

Such a tide of joy rushed through Owen Glenn's heart that he could hardly speak, and while he was struggling to hide his emotion Robert went on with his revelations.

Then he would trudge on again, thinking what a terrible night it must be at sea, and breathing a prayer for the wave-crested mariners far from home.

"This is not the harbor, and every one who has the slightest knowledge of the locality will be sure to avoid such a dangerous coast; so it's no business of mine."

Again the sound came. This time Owen stopped and listened. A thought came into his mind as he did so, but it militated so directly against his inclinations to give heed to it that with an impatient "Pshaw!" he started on.

Just as he had succeeded in coaxing a splendid blaze into life, a voice cried: "Hallo, Glenn, is that you? What in the name of wonder are you doing?"

"I am answering to a signal of distress. Hark!" as a dull sound came again from the sea.

"We're old fellows, I wish you joy of your part, and hope it'll do the good you expect. For my part, I'm off to old Martin."

Should he give Robert this chance of seeing Annis, and of perhaps asking her to be his wife during this very night, while he stood and worked to do good, and in God's providence tried to be the means of saving the lives of people who were nothing to him?

Too tired to notice the beauty of the transition from storm to sunshine, Owen walked slowly home. His work was done, and he must have rest.

"The pepper is simply placed in hot water in certain proportions, and the parts of the body most affected are thoroughly well rubbed with a coarse Turkish towel. People who suffer from sluggish circulation have been greatly benefited."

"None whatever, provided due precaution is taken against sudden exposure to the cold."

"That depends a good deal upon the temperature of the patient's body. Upon some it has the effect of extreme irritation. The skin tingles for days after. On others it produces frequent coughing. These symptoms, however, soon pass away as the patient becomes used to the remedy. In cases, however, where it continues for an immoderate length of time it is better to discontinue them."

"Wealthy persons beyond middle age. There is always a certain kind of people who may be said to live chiefly by doctoring themselves—persons whose ailments are mostly those of the imagination. They are too weak-minded to discipline themselves, or too selfish, which ever you like to call it, and prefer trying some new remedy to striking at the cause of their supposed ills. For instance: Instead of regulating their systems upon a daily scale of dieting, they will entirely disregard their physician's instructions and then blame him because his treatment is not successful. There are hundreds of just such people in this world, and as they invariably try every new-fangled remedy that comes out—especially if it be fashionable—they become very profitable to people who give them baths for their relief."

Attached to each hotel in Japan is a bath for the use of guests. The bath tub and the heater are combined so that the water, once heated, must furnish the bathing material for the whole house. Arriving at a Japanese hotel footsore and weary, you ask the landlady, "How many have used the bath?" She instantly replies, "Only eight." You forego the luxury of such a bath. Passing through a town just at nightfall you see a woman boiling her husband—at any rate the man is half immersed in the bath, while the dame is stoking the fire beneath with all her might. The flames pour forth from beneath while the contented Jap is being cooked. Perhaps, though, his was only a preliminary boiling. Such public boiling is now prohibited in the cities, but "far from the maddening crowds ignoble strife" these simple people see no harm in public bathing if it suits their convenience.

That light had saved a valuable cargo from being lost, and the writer proposed to give a goodly sum to the parties who had been instrumental in the matter. Also, a medal was to be struck off commemorative of his gratitude that the lives of all on board had been thus preserved to their families.

Owen became at once the boast of the village. For when a man's fame has reached foreign countries his own townspeople are always sure to re-echo it.

"Red pepper baths, that's the latest fashionable wrinkle, and it takes like hot cakes," remarked a professional man of West Forty-ninth street to a New York Star reporter.

"Have you many patients?" "Quite a number, and the list is increasing. The remedy is not a new one by any means, but it seems to be getting popular, and that is the reason, I suppose, for the revival in the red pepper business."

"For what purpose are the baths applied?" "Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia and similar ailments. In the hands of an ordinarily intelligent person these baths are quite simple, and when used with discretion are really efficacious."

"How are they applied?" "The pepper is simply placed in hot water in certain proportions, and the parts of the body most affected are thoroughly well rubbed with a coarse Turkish towel. People who suffer from sluggish circulation have been greatly benefited."

"Is there no fear of inflammation?" "None whatever, provided due precaution is taken against sudden exposure to the cold."

"Is the remedy unpleasant?" "That depends a good deal upon the temperature of the patient's body. Upon some it has the effect of extreme irritation. The skin tingles for days after. On others it produces frequent coughing. These symptoms, however, soon pass away as the patient becomes used to the remedy. In cases, however, where it continues for an immoderate length of time it is better to discontinue them."

"What class of people use them chiefly?" "Wealthy persons beyond middle age. There is always a certain kind of people who may be said to live chiefly by doctoring themselves—persons whose ailments are mostly those of the imagination. They are too weak-minded to discipline themselves, or too selfish, which ever you like to call it, and prefer trying some new remedy to striking at the cause of their supposed ills. For instance: Instead of regulating their systems upon a daily scale of dieting, they will entirely disregard their physician's instructions and then blame him because his treatment is not successful. There are hundreds of just such people in this world, and as they invariably try every new-fangled remedy that comes out—especially if it be fashionable—they become very profitable to people who give them baths for their relief."

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A lady who had married a farmer returned to visit her friends in the city, and one lady was anxious to know about farm life.

"Don't you get lonesome away out in the country?" she asked. "Oh, no," was the reply, "farmers' wives are always busy and don't have time to be lonesome."

"Is there anybody about the house?" "Of course; we employ quite a number of people, especially in harvest, and I see them at meal time every day."

"You don't have to be very stylish, do you?" "Oh, no; all of the people are just plain country folks, and you know farmers always eat with their hands."

"You don't say so; is that really true?" "Certainly it is."

"What do they do that for? Can't they get knives and forks in the country?" The farmer's wife gasped and choked and stopped talking.—Merchant-Traveler.

A farmer from Iowa traveling toward Chicago was inquiring for the address of an electrical manufacturing concern in the city. "Have struck a big thing, and an going down to Chicago to have it developed."

"Electric light?" "No." "Telephone?" "No, none of them things. My invention is agricultural, and will be a blessing to every farmer in the northwest. You see, years ago when we had no fences on our farms our hired men had no place to sit down and rest, there bein' no stumps or stumps. When the wire fences came in style we chucked to ourselves and said the bars on 'em was good not only to keep stock from scratchin' or rubbin' of 'em down, but to keep the hired men off. Well, the hired men have beat that all to pieces. They sew leather strips on their pants and seem to delight in sitting on the barb wire every time they come to the end of a row or furrow. They think they're so smart, you know. Now I calculate that the farmers of the northwest lose \$700,000 every summer and fall by hired men wastin' time sittin' on the fence. But I've fixed 'em—my new invention will stop that."

"New kind of barb on the wire?" "No. There ain't no barb-wire on earth that a hired man won't contrive to sit down on at least two hours a day. Just wait till next spring when I connect my ten-horse power electric battery with the wires on my fences. Won't it be fun? The wires will look nice and inviting as usual, but about two seconds after the hired man has sat down you'll see him jumpin' clean over the mules in his anxiety to get back to the plow. Whoop, but won't it be fun! County rights for sale."—Chicago Tribune.

The Extra Day For Leap Year. Smith & Jones are in the flour business. This is not their real firm name but it will serve the purpose in relating the predicament they have been in for something over a month—in fact ever since the trial balance was taken off for 1884. Over two years ago Smith & Jones got an order to supply five barrels of flour a day to one of the big hotels up-town. They thought their luck had really come, and celebrated it by a champagne lunch at Delmonico's. When they came to foot up their accounts and take account of stock for January 1, 1885, they found themselves five barrels of flour short. Smith looked at Jones, and Jones looked

"The Right Sort of a Tenant." "Oh, yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman to a Chicago Herald reporter: "but one that I like the best is a child not more than ten years of age. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the west side, and I did so. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it. After a while a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him."

"What do you want it for?" says I. "To live in," he replied. "Well," I said, "you can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth to you."

"The first month he brought \$2, and the second month a little boy, who said he was this man's son, came with \$3. After that I saw the man once in awhile, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes \$2 and sometimes \$3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father."

"He's dead, sir," was the reply. "Is that so?" said I. "How long since?" "More'n a year," he answered. "I took his money, but I made up my mind that I would go over and investigate, and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she didn't have any."

"Where is she," said I. "We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died and we've never seen her since."

"Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the baby. Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we kept an eye on them now. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they are getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent I talked with him a little, and then I said:

"My boy, you're a brick. You keep right on as you have begun and you will never be sorry. Keep your little sisters together and never leave them. Now look at this."

"I showed him a ledger in which I had entered up all the money that he had paid me for rent, and I told him it was all his with interest. 'You keep right on,' says I, 'and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own.' That's the kind of a tenant to have."

A Cat Mesmerizes a Mouse. One of our well-known citizens is the possessor of a cat, which is a great pet in the family. Indeed, it is doubtful if the family could keep house without that cat. A few evenings ago the cat came into the house bringing a mouse, no uncommon thing for the cat to do, as it is a good mouser. But the cat played with the mouse for an hour and a half, then set it up by the wall and crept into bed and went to sleep. The mouse, though still alive and apparently uninjured, remained just where the cat put it for so long that the family became interested in the mouse, and the gentleman proceeded to stir it up. The little animal started to run, went a short distance and returned to the very spot where the cat had left it. Then the gentleman tried to entice the mouse away with a bit of cheese. This succeeded only so far that the mouse would leave its position, get the cheese and return. This was tried again and again, and always with the same result—the mouse returned to its former position as if under orders which it dared not disobey. Later the cat awoke and also the mouse.

Now the family are very much interested in the question: "What did the cat do to the mouse to make it so anxious to remain just where the cat left it until the former could look after it? Was it animal magnetism, or was there some subtle means of communication between them, and the cat told the mouse to remain there, and the mouse did as it was told, except when interfered with by more intelligent humanity?"—Providence Journal.

"Yes," said the Scissors to the Paste Pot, "first there was the Golden Age, then came the Silver Age and the Brazen Age, and now comes the Mucil Age," whereat the Paste Pot went into convulsions.—Boston Globe.

"Did you enjoy the party, Emma?" "Ever so much, mamma." "I hope you were a good little girl and listened to what was said to you?" "I did, mamma, I listened all the evening to one person talk." "Who was talking?" "I was."

An exchange has an article on "Character in Walking." This just suits us. We can tell in two minutes by the character of a man's tracks in the mud whether he is how-legged or has been out celebrating all night.—Burlington Free Press.

"How do you like your boarding-house, Crimzonbeak?" said a friend to that individual when they met on the street. "First rate!" answered Crimzonbeak. "Any life down there?" "Lots of it; but it's all confined to the cheese."—Statesman.

ODE TO A BLEEBARD. Oh, thy breath is as bitter and biting As the sting of a serpent's sharp tooth. And fiercely thy fangs are as fighting For we reckon thee reckless of ruth! Though sweet and serene is the summer That borrows her breath from the rose, Yet the coachman and cold-hearted plumber Beam blithely when Boreas blows.—New York Journal.

Lieutenant—There is nothing like presence of mind. One day in battle a soldier near me had four of his teeth knocked in by a rifle ball, which would have surely passed through his spinal column and killed him had he not with rare presence of mind quickly swallowed the ball.—Fleischer's Blatter.

"What's the reason you didn't speak to Jones when he passed us just now?" "He insulted me the other day." "What did he say to you?" "He called me an old ass." "Called you an old ass! How ridiculous! Why, you are not old; you are just in your prime. You will not be an old ass for ten or fifteen years yet."—Siftings.

There was a court martial held on a young officer who had gone on a spree and had a fight in a barroom. The bar proprietor was brought before the court and put in the witness box. The prisoner was placed in full view. "Witness, do you recognize the prisoner?" "Yes, your honor, and most of the court."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Pine Wood Treatment. At some of the watering places of Germany the very simple prescription of the physician is that the patient should spend several hours a day walking or riding through the pine woods. This simple treatment is said to be sometimes supplemented by the taking of pine baths, and in the case of kidney diseases, and for delicate children this is claimed to be highly beneficial. The bath is prepared by pouring into the water about half a tumblerful of an extract made from the fresh needles of the pine: this extract is dark in color and closely resembles treacle in consistency, and when poured into the bath gives the water a muddy appearance, with a slight foam on the surface. As an adjunct to the daily bath this infusion of pine extract is said to induce a most agreeable sensation; it gives the skin a deliciously soft and silky feeling, and the effect on the nerves is quieting.

If you keep all pleasure out of home when your children are young, they will continue your example when you are old.